

C N CALLING

Were half the power that fills
the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed
on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human
mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals
nor forts.

Number 1088 JANUARY 27, 1940

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

THE ETERNAL MYSTERY OF EVERY ONE

See page 6

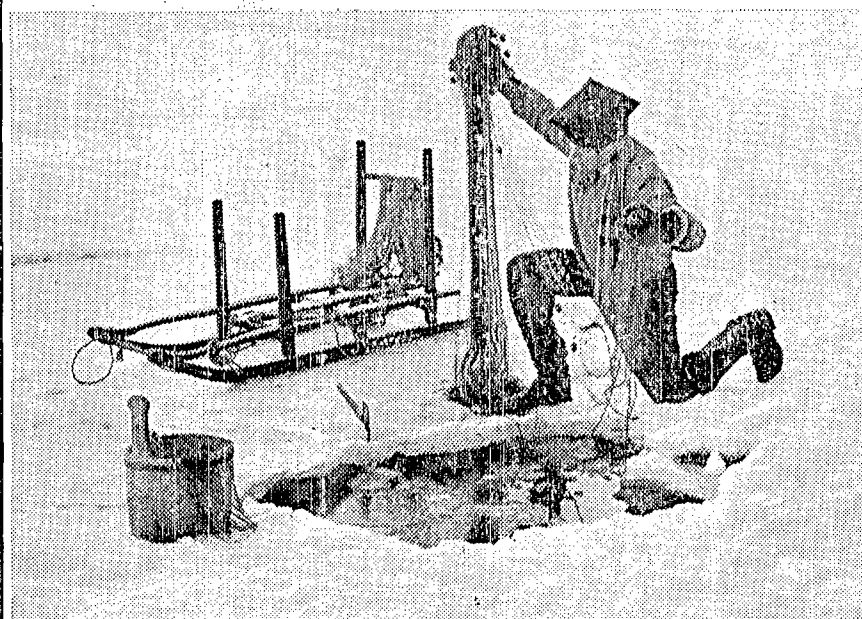
Thursday 2d

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

I BELIEVE IN FREEDOM

See
Page
Four

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE A sentry of the RAF guarding a plane under its fishing-net camouflage on an aerodrome in France



SOMEWHERE IN FINLAND With Finland's numerous lakes frozen over it is first necessary to make a hole in the ice before setting the nets to catch fish

OLD GREYWETHER ON THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS

The Stone the Builders Passed By

An old greywether of the Wiltshire Downs, centre of our Prehistoric World, has come into the news.

A great stone left standing when hundreds of others were moved down the hill for the Avebury Circle has now been moved to a height to act as a monument to two Englishmen who brought honour to a Wiltshire town. The stone the builders passed by has become the chief of all.

HIGH above the Vale of the White Horse to the south of Swindon rise two steep heights of the Marlborough Downs, Liddington and Barbury, both crowned by camps in which our ancestors lived before history, and surrounded by mounds in which they lie.

Within the last year or so two memorials to men of our time have been added to these ancient monuments of the downs, enshrining for all time the names of two nature poets of Swindon who loved these hills, Richard Jefferies and Alfred Williams.

The memorial on Liddington is a simple plate fixed to the Ordnance Survey pyramid in November 1938; the memorial on Barbury is a three-ton sarsen stone moved up from Overton Down. On this grey stone have now been placed two bronze plates inscribed with these words:

Richard Jefferies, 1848-1887.

It is Eternity now.

I am in the midst of it.

It is about me in the sunshine.

Alfred Williams, 1877-1930.

Still to find and still to follow

Joy in every hill and hollow,

Company in solitude.

Richard Jefferies is known to English readers everywhere as one of the fine lovers of Nature among writing men; Alfred Williams was the scholar whose story was long ago told in the C N and

is told again in Arthur Mee's Wiltshire Volume of the King's England.

This huge stone has now been moved up the hill. Four thousand years ago hundreds of stones like it were dragged down the hill to form in the plain the mystic Stone Circles known to all the world as Avebury. Compared with Stonehenge, Avebury was as a cathedral to a village church. Its dimensions were so big that the village could be placed within the main Circle.

The stones, alas, are few in number today, for this temple of the Stone Age proved a veritable quarry for the neighbourhood for generation after generation; but it is on record that in Tudor days over 600 stones stood upright, many 12 feet high, and some weighing as much as 60 tons.

It is thrilling to carry the mind back to those days and reflect that more than one slave may have turned aside from his terrific task to rest awhile against this smaller stone on Overton Down which now stands higher than all its fellows, raised to its height in memory of two men who knew and loved this prehistoric world.

What stupendous efforts must this memorial stone have witnessed as with their simple tools the Stone Age men manoeuvred the giants down to the site of their temple! It may have been jostled or broken by more massive boulders on the long journey which brought all these sarsen stones to the Wiltshire Downs, borne on a glacier from Britain's northern mountains.

Crashing down when broken from some towering precipice in the days before human life had dawned on our land this weathered grey stone has seen the centuries pass, to be at last the standing witness to two sons of men who come and go while Nature's sentinels keep watch in her vast solitudes.

THE WATCHMAN OF THE BALTIC

IN wartime there are other heroes than those who carry rifles or work machine-guns. Such a one is Waldemar Hansen. He does not even belong to a country at war; he is a Dane.

As lighthouse-keeper on the Island of Lesso in the Cattegat he is in a key position for obtaining information of the utmost value to belligerents, for little can pass in or out of the Baltic without his knowledge. He is now an old man and it is not easy to persuade him to talk, for he is used to a life of

solitude. Only ten times in his life has he been to the mainland, and only once as far as Copenhagen, when he was decorated with a medal by the King. He walks about the island slowly and heavily with his hands behind his back and his eyes on the ground, seemingly buried in the past. Here is a story which he has told.

One night in 1914 he saw a German officer and three sailors land in a little bay. It was clear moonlight and he

Continued on page 2

ALL THE WORLD IS HELPING TURKEY

Many Friends in Time of Need

The bitter calamity that has overtaken Turkey has evoked a generous spirit of helpfulness in every quarter of the world, and it is good to put on record some of the more striking gifts made to this great nation in distress.

The British Government has given £25,000 and provided medical and other supplies valued at over £20,000, including 3000 blankets and food for 2000 people for two months. It also offered to send a hospital ship.

The Australian Government has given £10,000, in cash or goods.

The Indian Government has sent a thousand tents.

The French Army in Syria at once sent 300 tents and 5000 blankets.

Led by the Government's gift of £10,000, Egyptians subscribed £15,000, their Red Crescent Society at once sending 2500 blankets.

The Russian Government gave £2000.

The King of Afghanistan gave £2000.

The American Hospital at Istanbul equipped and despatched a hospital train with 100 beds.

The League of Red Cross Societies at Geneva sent their secretary, M. de Rouge, to Angora to find out what were the most pressing needs of the sufferers.

The French Government gave £28,000.

Bulgaria gave £5000 and Rumania £10,000, and Greece was among the first to open a relief fund.

The Shah of Persia sent £10,000 and Irak sent prompt help.

An Anglo-Turkish Relief Fund has been opened, and all contributions in money or clothing should be sent to St Thomas's Hospital, London.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Hindenburg Dam. In the news because it has been bombed by British aircraft, this is a seven-mile-long causeway completed twelve years ago. It links the island of Sylt with the mainland at Klanxbueller, the German seaside resort nearest to the Danish boundary. The Hindenburg Dam carries a strategic railway which is connected with Hamburg and brings to Sylt the supplies for the seaplanes there.

Gau. This is the German word for country as distinct from city, but is particularly given to an administrative district or province. Thus in the Nazi system the Gauleiter is the official in control of a district.

A.T.A. These letters stand for the Air Transport Auxiliary, a force of civilian airmen who can be called upon to do such work for the Air Ministry as conveying visitors and communications to the Air Force abroad, and to take out newly-built machines from the factories to the units of the R.A.F. There is a Women's Section with members holding A and B flying certificates.

Mannerholm Line. This is the name of the series of fortifications built by the Finns across the Karelian Peninsula between Lake Ladoga and the Gulf of Finland. It is named after the Commander-in-Chief of the Finnish Army, the leader who won freedom from the Bolsheviks 20 years ago.

Floors of Ice

Things might often be worse, but could anything be worse than this? Most of us have known at times what it is to have our pipes frozen, but we hear of a case we are glad never to have experienced—the case of a Manchester flat in which the people went away and came home to find that the pipes had burst, the carpets had absorbed the flood, and the floors themselves were ice!

What Lord Hee-Haw is Trying To Do

THE Germans, it has been said a thousand times, are bad politicians, unable to understand their neighbours, and much of the plight in which they find themselves must be put down to their own stupidity.

But it must be put to their credit that they have chosen cleverly in appointing Lord Hee-Haw as their mouthpiece in the daily broadcasts in English. No man could work better.

A Nightly Entertainment

This nightly entertainer of thousands of English-speaking audiences has been called a lord because he sounds like a lord. He has a persuasive manner and a voice which draws us to him. We feel that we should like to meet him and to be sitting by the fire with him. He knows us well, and is probably a graduate of one of our universities, and he speaks to us as if he were really sorry for the fact that we are all threatened with ruin and starvation—for, after all (he would say), we are a nice people, who would do something in the world if only our stupid rulers would not bungle everything and keep us down.

We can well afford to amuse ourselves by listening to him, and English commonsense is our defence against his lies. For it must be confessed that Lord Hee-Haw is paid to lie by day and night to the English-speaking peoples. He is the Official Fabricator of Lies for the Nazis, and well he tells his tale. It is only a free people who can laugh at the lies told about them.

The Tragedy at Europe's Heart

But is it not wise to remember that what Lord Hee-Haw is trying to do here is what Dr Goebbels has already done with the German people? It is one of the cleverest strokes of the cleverest propagandists in the world.

Dr Goebbels has lied to the German people so often and so long that they believe his lies to be the truth.

That is the tragedy at the heart of Europe; the eighty million people of Germany have no idea of the actual facts about the world.

Lord Hee-Haw is lying night by night to us, believing that when he has lied often enough and long enough

thousands of our people will believe that there is something in it.

If we are told that St Paul's has been blown up we smile and wonder why a man should talk such nonsense. If it is repeated a few people will ask what there is in it. If it is repeated again they will be sure something mysterious has happened. If it is said a hundred times people far away will talk in whispers about the terrible accident to St Paul's, and wonder why the papers do not publish pictures of the ruins.

You cannot fool all the people all the time, but you can fool some of the people some of the time, and Lord Hee-Haw knows it. He is slowly, persistently, insidiously putting into people's minds the idea that many things are wrong with us, and that he is telling us for our good so that we may escape disaster. We laugh at him, all together, for we know ourselves better than he, and we know what is wrong without being told from Germany.

Will the People Believe?

But will the time come when some of the people will not laugh? Is it not conceivable that the intelligent and well-informed Lord Hee-Haw knows this country better than millions of its unintelligent and ill-informed citizens do? It is conceivable, and it is on their minds that Hee-Haw plays. If he tells them often enough and long enough that we are losing the war they may begin to think it is true and be willing to make a Hitler Peace. That is what Lord Hee-Haw is trying to do, to weaken the spirit of the weakest part of our people.

When Hitler had left Rome after his visit to Signor Mussolini the Duce was found laughing outright to himself, and on explaining his mirth to his friends he said, *That fellow actually believes his own nonsense.*

Will the day come when many people in this country will actually believe Lord Hee-Haw's nonsense? We commend the question to our new Minister of Information, Sir John Reith, who better than any other man knows the power we have in this country of telling the truth to our own people and to the world.

THE WATCHMAN OF THE BALTIC

Continued from page 1

went to see what they wanted. "If you will help us," said the officer, "you will become the richest man on the island. I promise it to you. Even if it means millions, you shall have them. You see, you know everybody all round, and we have absolute confidence in you."

He had let them land because the sea was very rough and he thought they had been shipwrecked. The officer continued: "You have nothing to fear. We shall come very seldom, and then by night. Be quite easy in your mind. Nobody will suspect you. Nobody has seen us tonight but you."

He was alone, and what could he do against four men. However, he managed to get inside the lighthouse and locked the door, and then he

called out to them, "If you don't get out of this as fast as you can go I shall fire on you; and take care never to come here again." The little group of sailors pretended not to hear and then vanished into the night.

That was a quarter of a century ago, but Waldemar Hansen still holds the key of the Baltic.

"What about their millions?" said he. "I live on one herring, and only a fortnight ago I got wind of fresh proposals. What is the use of their millions to me? I was born here, and I shall die here. One herring a day is enough for me. Certainly I know all that goes in and out past my light-house; nothing can escape me; but if everybody would hold their tongues, as I do, there would be an end of all these quarrels."

LITTLE NEWS REELS

A French trawler has brought ashore at Caen a mine of the Great War.

A new stamp is appearing in Greece on which the figure of the Apostle Paul is seen preaching on Mars Hill.

A Haworth blacksmith has made a fine iron sign for the house of the Brontës, showing Emily at her writing desk.

A native interpreter at the courts in Southern Rhodesia, who has been engaged in this capacity for 40 years at Bulawayo and Salisbury, has asked that £1 a month should be deducted from his salary to help with the war.

Over 100,000 Londoners have enrolled for evening classes in spite of the Blackout.

A London firm has given to Hull Museum a set of 16 dolls representing women's auxiliary forces during the war; they will be added to the 1000 dolls already given by Queen Mary.

Postmen in Salt Lake City are to have their pockets full of grain this winter; as they go on their rounds they will feed the snowbound birds.

About 20 sheep farmers near Canberra have decided to give ten fleeces each from the season's clip towards buying a training aeroplane for the Defence Department.

Schoolboys in Germany are no longer allowed to play football, which has been banned because of the wear and tear on their shoes.

Guide and Scout News Reel

At Princess Elizabeth's suggestion, evacuated Girl Guides carried the Colours of the 1st Buckingham Palace Company at the annual First Sunday in the Year service at Windsor church.

While the Princesses were in Scotland a Patrol of Guides was formed for them and attached to the Balmoral Company; five evacuees were also attached. The Princesses attended company meetings.

Esher Guides and Brownies have "adopted" the crew of a submarine; they knit comforts for the men and earn money to buy games and amusements for them.

An eleven-year-old London Guide evacuated to Lewes went to the mayor and asked what war work she could do; he sent her to a home for evacuee babies, where she is doing splendid work.

The City Engineer of Edmonton, in Alberta, who makes an annual census of street traffic, this year used 300 Scouts for the purpose. Armed with tally and check cards the boys worked at 21 street crossings.

Scouts have been helping to make Trail one of the most beautiful cities in British Columbia; they planted trees and vines in three open spaces at the request of the authorities.

An Indian Scout Patrol at Todarai Singh, Jaipur, saw a young calf fall into a tank which was full of crocodiles. One Scout had a white sheet with him and by waving it distracted the attention of the crocodiles, while two others saved the calf.

Ceylon Scouts, at the request of the Department of Information, have been distributing official publications.

THINGS SEEN

A flight of swallows chasing a small aeroplane in North Africa.

Seven red admirals flying in a window of St Andrew's Church, West Kirby, Cheshire.

A horse stopping suddenly stock-still in surprise on seeing a camel in Liverpool Docks.

People kept out of a village shop in Kent by a frozen door.

FOLLOW THE PIPES Speeding Up Colour Pictures

Whatever some people may say, the bagpipes are inspiring when the soldiers are marching. A French soldier, in a letter home the other day, tells how on a long march a French company became detached and eventually fell in with some Highlanders marching behind a piper. The tired French soldiers followed the pipes, and reached the end of a record march an hour in advance of their comrades.

JIM THE LABRADOR

Jim, a Labrador owned by a Gillingham man, was 24 years old on December 22, and is thought to be the oldest dog in England. He still has good teeth and can eat bones, and though he was blinded in an accident this very old Labrador still finds his way about.

HE FLED

Sir Frederick Banting, the discoverer of insulin, hates publicity and dislikes having his photograph taken.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that he became exceedingly unhappy when he turned into a news-reel theatre after coming to London with the Canadian Forces. He had not been long in his seat when he found himself watching a film telling the story of insulin, looking in consternation at someone resembling himself. The film was correct in its facts, but the actor portraying the scientist was far too dramatic for the modest man he was impersonating, and Sir Frederick was moved to distraction. He picked up his hat and fled.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of January 1915

How Laws Save Life. There are many people whose only interest in health laws is to annoy those who make them by asking what good they are. Here is a fact for such people as these. In every 24 hours 200 people die in New York.

If there had been no health laws, and the death-rate of 20 years ago were still maintained, the deaths each day would be 130 more.

A new invention is now being tried which makes it possible to print in natural colours in a newspaper pictures taken only a few hours before.

Hitherto several days, often two or three weeks, have been required to prepare coloured pictures for printing in a newspaper, owing to the elaborate methods which must be employed and the amount of retouching which is required. An old contributor of the C.N., who was one of the pioneers in sending photographs by wire in England, has recently perfected in the United States a machine which prepares in about twelve minutes the four printing plates needed for printing a picture in natural colours in a newspaper.

The photographer's picture is put into the machine, and immediately the four

so-called colour separation negatives are made by means of four photo-electric cells which scan the image, so that all four printing plates are made simultaneously. It is unfortunately too well known to engravers that when copying a photograph many imperfections in tone-rendering creep in that require considerable retouching. But in Mr Thorne Baker's process all these deficiencies are counteracted by delicately adjusted electrical circuits, and the result is that the plates as prepared can be used immediately in the press, and almost perfect natural colour pictures can be reproduced in the paper in about an hour.

A newspaper of New Jersey has adopted the system, and the first machine is just completed and is making its first trials.

A COMMON-SENSE WAY TO PEACE

It is highly important for the future that the relations between Australia and Japan should be friendly, and there is no reason why they should not. A little thing that has just happened makes a definite step in the right direction.

The Australian Education Department has written to the Japanese Education Department announcing the formation of a class in Japanese at Melbourne High School and asking for information as to suitable books. The Japanese have replied by presenting a collection of text-books to Melbourne.

NEARLY A MILLION NOT AT SCHOOL

In the evacuation areas there are left some 900,000 children; in the reception areas there are 2,500,000; in the neutral areas there are 1,700,000.

A pamphlet on Children in Wartime, facing the serious matter of 900,000 children in evacuation areas missing school, makes the bold proposal that all matters connected with the evacuation and billeting of children in wartime should be transferred from the Ministry of Health to the Board of Education. It seems wise.

Surely, also, compulsory education should be enforced. It is suggested that parents should choose whether they wish their children educated in an evacuation area or a reception area.

GREAT REJOICING

For over a year the boys and girls of the Methodist Church in Alabama have been doing odd jobs and putting the pennies they earned into their money-boxes. There was great rejoicing the other day when they found they had raised fifty dollars, enough to buy the whole Bible in Braille, which they presented to the Alabama Association for the Blind.

A TOUCH OF WINTRY WEATHER

A tale of bitter weather bringing enemies to forget their enmity comes from East Kent. For several seasons there has been a continuous war between magpies and jays in a certain wood. One morning early this month, when all surface water was thickly frozen over, the owner of the wood broke the ice on a pool so that the birds should be able to drink. He was amazed some hours later to find that the magpies and jays were flying down to drink together, even perching in the same trees, without their usual daily battle.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Protect autumn-sown peas from attacks of birds and slugs; when the soil is tolerably dry some earth should be drawn to plants a little above the ground, and they should be staked rather closely.

Make a sowing of Long Pod and Broad Windsor beans in rows two or three feet apart.

EATING A ZOO

The Zoo has been making its annual count of animals and fixing their money-values.

Numbers and values vary little from year to year except to cheapen lions and tigers, which now multiply like big cats at Whipsnade and Regent's Park. The highest Zoo prices ever obtained were those paid by starving Parisians besieged during the Franco-Prussian War.

Hunger grew intense during the winter, and as food supplies diminished prices rose. It was impossible to maintain the Zoo animals, so they were destroyed and sold for food.

Elephants fetched 33 shillings a pound, kangaroos 15s, porcupines 8s, and so on.

FORT LAUDERDALE GOES GAY

Never have the citizens of Fort Lauderdale in Florida been so keen on walking as they are now. Day and night a constant stream of strollers may be seen making their way towards a brilliant patch of colour in the middle of the town.

It is the new Gardens, which are aglow with 700 varieties of hibiscus. Their colours range from flaming red, purple, and orange to pink and snow white. Some of the flowers come from the Samoan and Hawaiian Islands, Japan, and Madagascar. The most remarkable bush of all is 12 feet high and is covered with yellow, pink, and red blossoms, for over 50 species have been grafted on to it.

THE SAFE WAY TO SCHOOL

Parents in Illinois and Indiana were greatly intrigued the other day when their children arrived home with maps tucked under their arms.

When the grown-ups saw what the maps were they were thrilled indeed, for they showed each child's safest route to school.

This splendid scheme was thought of by the Chicago Motor Club, who have sent the maps to all schools. Parents are urged to walk with the child over the route (which avoids the busiest streets), and to explain how the traffic lights work, which side of the street to follow, and where it is that danger lurks.

THE COUNT AND THE BEGGARS

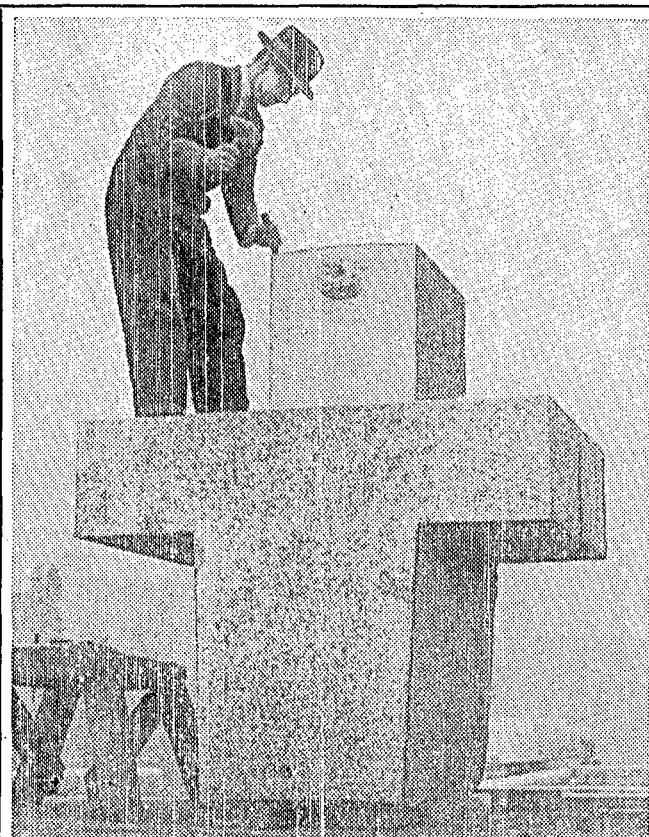
The name of Count Rumford has just come into the news because the Rumford Medal, which he bequeathed to science, has just been bestowed for the 39th time in a century.

It has been awarded to Professor G. R. Harrison, the spectroscopist, who thus joins a band of men of world-wide distinction in astronomy, chemistry, and invention. Count Rumford's first name was Benjamin Thompson, and he was born in Massachusetts, came to England and after a visit to Bavaria returned and founded the Royal Institution. In Bavaria he superintended the boring of gun barrels, and, noting how much heat was produced, he measured it, and founded a new theory of heat to replace the old one. The king made him Count Rumford, not because of the gun barrels but because he rid the kingdom of Bavaria of its beggars!

SHORTER HOURS FOR THE YOUNG

The maximum working hours of more than 200,000 young people under 16 are reduced from 48 to 44 a week under the Young Persons (Employment) Act, which is now in operation.

The children of today would scarcely believe that a century ago little children dragged coal-tubs for long hours in coal-mines.



CROSS AND CARPET



On the left a mason is seen shaping a five-ton block of granite into a cross for the roof of Liverpool's new Roman Catholic Cathedral; on the right is the scene at Abbassia in Egypt when the Holy Carpet left for Mecca, where it is to cover the Ka'aba, the sacred shrine of the Mohammedans

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 27 1940

Schoolboy Set Free

A SCHOOLMASTER has been found who has something to say in favour of the liberty evacuation has conferred on many scholars. Speaking at a conference at Oxford, Mr A. M. Walmsley said:

The pre-war schoolboy could hardly call his soul his own; everything was organised for him. Now he has been given a breathing space. The monotonous sameness in subjects, time-tables, examinations, and buildings has received a wholesome shock.

At least it is true that tens of thousands of children have made acquaintance with their native land as never before.

The Optimist

AN old Kent countryman, in his 90th year and slowly recovering from an illness, was out walking on a recent cold morning, and explained his daring by saying to a friend: "I got to see old Jim about some seedy tatoos for next year, or else we shan't get nothing in the garden."

More Plays, Dear B B C

WE are all grateful to the B B C for giving us so many little plays.

There should be a good little play every night.

There should be no vulgarity in them. The growing use of swearing should be ended once for all as unworthy of clean-minded people. Perhaps there might be two plays every night, a comedy and a drama or a tragedy. Certainly let us have more and more.

But will the B B C please keep an eye on its clock, and remember that these plays should not run into midnight, for people are now going to bed earlier?

The Child and the Doctor

IT is an unhappy thing to read that Surrey County Council has decided to stop the medical inspection of children during the war.

This care of children in school is all-important, because the doctor in the school has opportunity to apply the old saying that a stitch in time saves nine. It is the future that we mortgage when we neglect the young.

A Civilisation Joke

CIVILISATION is the butt of many jokes, and this is one of the new ones.

It concerns a raft crowded with shipwrecked sailors drifting aimlessly in mid-ocean. The men had almost given up hope when one of them shouted that he had seen good news in the sky, and cried out:

"Cheer up, mates, we can't be far from civilisation now; a couple of Bombers have just gone over."



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



I BELIEVE IN FREEDOM

Let Us Trust and Not be Afraid

IT is a great delight to come upon this Creed by Mr Jan Hofmeyer, Minister of Education in General Smuts's Government.

Mr Hofmeyer is still a young man with the future all before him. He is a Rhodes Scholar and has a profound love of the ideals of the British Empire in which he is a governing figure. We take this expression of his faith from the Johannesburg journal The Forum.

I BELIEVE in the abiding validity of the message that God so loved the world that He gave it the greatest gift ever given, the gift of His Son, that thereby He identified Himself with humanity, with that body of humanity which embraces Jew and Gentile, bound and free, and set it upon the way of redemption and of progress.

I BELIEVE that the Christian Gospel of the value and the indestructibility of the individual human soul has been the biggest factor in humanity's advance through the ages.

I BELIEVE that it is of the essence of that gospel that every human being, made in God's image, has an inviolable personality over which, in the last resort, not man but God alone is the judge, that this gospel is at the root of the doctrine of human freedom, and that therefore the doctrine of freedom must triumph over the assaults of the new barbarism of today.

I BELIEVE that the advance of humanity in the spirit of freedom, though it may be delayed, cannot be stopped, and that no dictator or group of dictators can hold up for long the forward march of human destiny.

AND, since I believe these things, though at this time the catastrophe of war, from which we so earnestly prayed to be spared, has befallen the world, though great cities have been laid waste and hundreds of thousands of people rendered homeless, though men suffer anguish, and women weep, and little children go hungry, though international gangsterdom is running riot, and the cry goes up from many a stricken land, How long, O Lord, how long? though hope flickers low and the path to peace on earth and goodwill among men is hard to discern,

YET, inspired by the undying message of Christianity, I shall make profession of the faith that is in me:

I SHALL TRUST AND NOT BE AFRAID.

Florence Nightingale's Smile

IT would seem sad news that a man should suffer 14 operations and be in hospital 26 times, and yet, in reading of it, we have been lifted up by the thought that through all these things one of our old countrymen has been kept in the faith by the remembrance of Florence Nightingale.

He is in the true line of succession to those men who used to kiss the shadow of her face as it passed over their pillows in Scutari, for 70 years ago Florence Nightingale smiled on him as he lay in St Thomas's Hospital, and it was the memory of her smile, he says, that has inspired him in all his illnesses to have faith in nurses and surgeons.

So the light of the Lady of the Lamp glows down the ages.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If it is better to err on the right side than on the left

Under the Editor's Table

A SCHOOL teacher describes a pupil as a shining example. He won't be allowed out in the Blackout.

SEVERAL saxophones were destroyed in a fire. The firemen played on them.

AN MP is giving a party to babies who cannot walk. Older children will be up in arms.

EVERYBODY in Berlin is obliged to shovel snow. Nobody is allowed to take his pick.

BRIGHTON wants to get rid of some of its trenches. Looks down on them.

A MAN says his business is run like clockwork. Will he wind it up?

THE Blackout is forcing us to shut out draughts. But we can still play chess.

We Fight For Peace

THOUGH long the struggle, strong the foe,
Though constantly the threat increase,
While we have might to strike a blow,
We fight for peace.

We march not to a Promised Land,
We strive no spoils of war to gain;
To this one cause we set our hand:
We fight that none need fight again.

There is a way of life which all
Who do the right and love the truth
May follow, whether great or small,
The man or nation, age or youth;

And they who choose to live this way
Secure against all danger are;
Beloved and trusted, honoured, they
Have friends about them near and far.

But troublers of the earth who seek
To violate all friendship's laws,
To trample under heel the weak,
And brew the hate that ferments wars;

These must be bound, cost what it will,
These must be shut beyond the pale,
The bully shall not stir until
A nobler sentiment prevail.

*This is our task: our duty lies
Before us, and the road is plain;
We fight that soon there may arise
A peace which none shall break again.*

H. L. G.

Dolls For Sixpence

By The Pilgrim

WE were waiting for a bus. Darkness had brought fog and drizzle to make the Blackout less pleasant than ever. On the kerb was a poor man in a threadbare overcoat selling dolls at sixpence. His face was white and thin, and he stamped his feet to bring a little life into them.

Two youths close by talked about him in an undertone. "I hope I never come to that," said one; "it's ghastly, selling dolls."

A yard or so away was a mother with her little boy. He was about five, and the man with the dolls seemed to fascinate him. Presently he said: "Mummie, if I'm good, can I sell dolls in the street when I'm grown up?"

There was a laugh, and the man on the pavement edge laughed too.

It was a queer example of two points of view; but several people in the crowd were moved to buy dolls, not because they wanted them, but because somehow a child's remark had touched a sympathetic chord, and out of their thankful hearts they helped one who was down and out.

Three German Wars

This note is from an old friend of ours.

MY father was alive at the Battle of Waterloo and this is the third German War in my lifetime. I was just beginning to read in the first of them; now the third is upon us. When are they to end?

JUST AN IDEA

Living in poverty and suffering in the slums, we read the other day, are some of the most radiant souls in God's kingdom.

January 27, 1940

The Children's Newspaper

5

Queen Elizabeth Meets Honest Lambarde

One of the curious documents of history records this meeting of Queen Elizabeth with William Lambarde, historian of Kent and writer of the first county history in English.

HE presented her Majesty with his pandecta of all her rolls, bundles, membranes, and parcels that be reposed in her Majesty's Tower of London, whereof she had given to him the charge.

Her Majesty cheerfully received the same, saying "You intended to present this book unto me by the Countess of Warwick, but I will none of that, for if any subject of mine do me a service I will thankfully accept it from his own hands."

Then, opening the book, she says: "You shall see that I can read," and so, with an audible voice, read over the epistle, and the title so readily and distinctly pointed that it might perfectly appear that she well understood and conceived the same.

She asked the meaning of certain technical Latin terms, and when Lambarde explained them said she would be a scholar in her age and thought it no scorn to learn during her life, being of the mind of that philosopher who in his last days began with the Greek alphabet.

She then asked what was praestita and Lambarde expounded it as moneys lent by her progenitors to her subjects for their good, but with assurance of good bond for repayment. The Queen replied "So did my good grandfather, King Henry the Seventh, sparing to dissipate his treasure of lands."

When examining the Rolls the Queen asked if the term rediseisnes were unlawful and forcible throwing of men out of their lawful possessions. Lambarde replied "Yea, and therefore these be the Rolls of fines, assesses, and levies upon such wrongdoers, as well for the great and wilful contempt of the crown."

The Queen's comment was: "In those days force and arms prevail, but now the wit of the fox is everywhere on foot, so as hardly a faithful or virtuous man may be found."

The interview ended by the Queen being called away to prayer, when she put the book in her bosom and thanked her visitor, saying "Farewell, good and honest Lambarde."

Brotherhood

THE crest and crowning of all good, Life's final star is brotherhood, For it will bring again to earth Her long-lost poesy and mirth; Will send new light on every face, A kingly power upon the race. And till it come we men are slaves, And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then clear the way! Blind creeds and kings have had their day.

Break the dead branches from the path: Our hope is in the aftermath— Our hope is in heroic men, Star-led to build the world again, To this event the ages ran: Make way for brotherhood—make way for man. Edwin Markham

WISE AND FOOLISH

NOTHING foolish ever happens which intelligence or accident is unable to set right; and nothing wise which a want of intelligence or an accident could not mar. Goethe



GOING TO HEAVEN

SOME keep Sunday going to church, I keep it staying at home, With a bobolink for a chorister, And an orchard for a throne.

Some keep Sunday in surplice, I just wear my wings, And instead of tolling the bell for church Our little sexton sings.

God preaches, a noted clergyman, And the sermon is never long, So instead of going to heaven at last I'm going all along. Emily Dickinson

What Milton Could Not Do

MILTON, madam, was a genius that could cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones. Dr Johnson

The City Fair Shall Rise

COMFORT, O free and true! Soon shall there rise for you A City fairer far than all ye plan; Built on a rock of strength, It shall arise at length, Stately and fair and vast, the City meet for Man!

Towering to yonder skies Shall the fair City rise, Dim in the dawning of a day more pure; House, mart, and street, and square, Yea, and a Fane for prayer— Fair, and yet built by hands; strong, for it shall endure.

No man of blood shall dare Wear the white mantle there.

Now, while days come and go, Doth the fair City grow, Surely its stones are laid in sun and moon. Wise men and pure prepare Ever this City fair. Comfort, O ye that weep; it shall arise full soon. Robert Buchanan

The Keynote of Captain Scott's Friend

THE keynote of all my longing is to know as much as I can about anything that is still as God made it—to converse with God through His works. Dr Edward Wilson

BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!

BREAK, break, break, On thy cold, grey stones, O Sea! And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy That he shouts with his sister at play! Oh, well for the sailor lad That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on To the haven under the hill; But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea! But the tender grace of a day that is dead Will never come back to me. Tennyson

Time Cannot Efface It

IF we work upon marble it will perish. If we work upon brass time will efface it. If we rear temples they will crumble to dust. But if we work upon men's immortal minds, if we imbue them with high principles, with the just fear of God and love of their fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which no time can efface, and which will brighten and brighten to all eternity. Daniel Webster

The Wisdom of the Wise

SOCRATES was once told by the famous oracle of Delphi that he was the wisest man in all Greece.

"If that is so," said Socrates, "it is because I alone of all the Greeks know that I know nothing."

IN HIS GOOD TIME

OH for a wizard eye to pierce the veil That hides the future from our longing eyes, To know if Fate will stamp Succeed or Fail

On efforts and ambitions that we prize. Poor dreamer! comes the answer like a knell:

No man can know till Time doth deign to tell.

Shall tears or laughter mostly be our lot?

Shall friends pass in the night to come no more?

Shall Love (oh, aching heart) be vainly sought?

Shall Pain's grey shadow hover at the door?

Poor fretful soul, thy yearnings seek to quell,

God in His own good time will surely tell. G. M. Matheson

Fear Knocking

FEAR knocked at the door. Faith answered. There was no one there. Old Saying

Pluming His Wings For a Flight

YOU may make inquiries as to what I am 'about, what I am thinking of? Why, with God's help, of immortality! Forgive the word, I only whisper it in your ear! Yes, I am pluming my wings for a flight. Milton

THE JEWEL

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,

No chemist's art can counterfeit;

It makes men rich in greatest poverty, Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,

The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;

Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,

That much in little, all in nought—Content. Written about 1598

Peace He Made For Man and Beast

IN this year (1135) went the King Henry over sea to the Lammas; and the next day, as he lay asleep on ship, the day darkened over all lands, and the sun was all as it were a three-night-old moon, and the stars about him at midday. Men were very much astonished and terrified, and said that a great event should come hereafter.

So it did, for that same year was the king dead, the next day after St Andrew's mass-day, in Normandy.

Then was there soon tribulation in the land; for every man that might soon robbed another. Then his sons and his friends took his body and brought it to England, and buried it at Reading. A good man he was; and there was great dread of him. No man durst do wrong with another in his time. Peace he made for man and beast. Whoso bare his burthen of gold and silver durst no man say aught to him but good.

From the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle

The Cowherd's Dream Come True

This remarkable forecast of flying was written more than a hundred years ago by an old farm labourer known to Sir Walter Scott. His name was Andrew Scott, and it was the immortal Sir Walter Scott who encouraged him to write. The writer was a cowherd who fought in the War of Independence, published some poems about the time of Trafalgar, and printed these lines about ten years after Waterloo.

WHIA kens perhaps yet but the world shall see

Thae glorious days when folk shall learn to flee;

When, by the powers o' steam, to ony where,

Ships will be biggit that can sail i' the air

Wi'a as great ease as on the waters now

They sail, an' carry heavy burdens too.

What else are thae balloons, contrived of late,

But th' art of fleeing in its infant state; An' if the world upon improvements fa',

The times may come she'll need nae roads ava;

For wha wad creep like snails upon the yird,

Gif they might sail the air like ony bird,

Then might folk eithly visit the abodes O' thae far folk they ca' the Antipodes,

Or, by the strength o' steam, yet rise aboon,

An' see what kind o' world there's in the moon

(An' aiblins some o' our earth's ferlies gi'e them,

Or try to carry on some traffic wi' them).

At least far continents ayont the sea Wad then to ithers like door neighbours be,

Folks then frae Embro, in a morn, might win in,

To tak their breakfast wi' their friends in Lonnon,

An' the same ship bring Lonnon folks back in her,

To crack wi' Embro folks an' tak their dinner.

They Last For Ever

SOMEONE has said that words are the only things which last for ever. That is, to my mind, always a wonderful thought. The most durable structures raised in stone by the strength of man, the mightiest monuments of his power, crumble into dust, while the words spoken with fleeting breath, the passing expression of the unstable fancies of his mind, endure not as echoes of the past, not as mere archaeological curiosities or venerable relics, but with a force and life as new and strong, and sometimes far stronger than when they were first spoken, and, leaping across the gulf of three thousand years, they light the world for us today. Winston Churchill

THE POISON

DO not let us hate the sinner, let us hate the sin;

Hating others is a poison to the soul within. Clara E. Grant

All Flesh is Grass

THE voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever. Isaiah

THE ETERNAL MYSTERY OF EVERY ONE

What Sort of Mark Are We Making on the World?

THIS is a very curious fact: the more we leave superstition behind us, and the more we trust ourselves to science and faith, the more mysterious and wonderful does our life become.

When men thought the earth was flat, that it never moved, and that the stars were lamps lighted every evening by the angels for the benefit of mankind, there was no sense at all of the overwhelming majesty of the heavens.

But now, when we know that one vast body of these colossal suns and planets is moving for ever to the right, and that another huge army of suns and planets is moving for ever to the left, the greatest of us must bow his head and feel that the Universe is a manifestation of sublime Power, and that its destiny is more glorious than the most inspired of men has ever dared to imagine.

A Smudge of Obscure Life

It is the same with human life. In times past the poet sang of the hero and the historian wrote of the conqueror—all the rest of mankind was a smudge of obscure life moving heavily, slowly at the heels of these. That was superstition.

But now we know that in the very heart of men there is a mighty mystery—the conscious mind and the unconscious mind; and we know that every Boy Scout in the street, every woman at a cottage door, every tramp shuffling along in the shadows of dark and deserted streets, *everyone* is a spiritual Mystery.

The more science explores the mind the more certainly do we know that man is a living spirit; and the more we examine the powers of this living spirit the more sharply do we feel that life is full of wonder and mystery. For the part of our mind which is unconscious to us is not unconscious to itself, and we know that it is always striving to influence our conscious mind. It is as if each one of us had an angel at his side, urging him to do this or that, holding him back from doing something else, whispering to him when he is uncertain what to do, encouraging him when he feels like throwing up the sponge, and raising him up when he falls.

An Influence For Good or Evil

This definite knowledge of the human mind has a most illuminating effect on history. It leads us to regard everyone, however humble, as a tremendous mystery; and so we cease to think only or chiefly of heroes, and turn our attention more and more to the individual submerged in the mass of human existence.

What is going on in that swarming mass of indecipherable human life? What mysteries are taking place every day in that dense pack of unchronicled and uncharted humanity? This we know for an unshakable fact—*Every single soul in that mass is radiating an influence for good or for evil on all about him.*

One of the great thinkers of Oxford last century said that all the good

thoughts in the world are helping us forward to a glorious destiny, and that all the evil thoughts in the world are dragging us back to misery, darkness, and ignorance.

It is not the great hero who alone makes history: it is also the multitudinous mass of men and women, whose names never appear on history's page. The hero helps enormously, but he can do nothing at all unless the humble and obscure respond to his influence, and, in their turn, radiate a good influence on all around them. And what is the history of the hero?

No Hero Complete in Himself

If you read the biographies of great men whose lives have powerfully affected the world you will find that most of them attributed their usefulness to somebody else—a mother, a father, an elder brother, a school-master, or a friend. You will find that no hero is complete in himself, but that all of them are made up from the lives of other people, composed, as it were, of numberless men and women whose names are unknown.

We say of John Davis that he made his mark on the world's map, and for ever men will speak of the Davis Strait. The hero makes his mark on the world or the world's map, but who made their marks on the hero?

Consider the influence of a man of our time, Sir James Barrie, creator of Peter Pan. His spirit has touched

the lives of an uncountable host of people. He has made hundreds of thousands of children happy; these children, because of their happiness, will regard life differently, and their happiness will pass into the lives of thousands of others.

What! Is all this the work of one man? If you had asked Barrie he would have told you that he became what he was because of Margaret Ogilvy, his mother; and if you had asked Margaret Ogilvy how she came to exercise so wonderful an influence over her son she would have told you that her father or her mother—or perhaps some preacher or writer had first made her think seriously of life.

So we see that the tenderness and gentleness and grace and lovely humour which now delight the world in the thought of Peter Pan have a long pedigree, and that to trace them back to their origin might take us a journey of many centuries into the past. Barrie's work makes its mark on you and me, and because of him you and I will make a mark on other people; but many had already made their mark on him.

The Mark We Leave Behind Us

Suppose you are not clever, your parents are poor, and you can see nothing in front of you except a life of drudgery—well, even so, you are not unimportant, and *you are bound to leave some mark behind you.*

This Story Shall the Good Man Teach His Son

FINLAND has written in letters of fire a page of history to glow beside all that the world has ever known of dauntless little peoples and heroic men.

Foully assailed by a horde more than forty times the numbers of her own people, and incomparably more fully equipped with every offensive device of war (planes, tanks, artillery, and ammunition without stint), she has kept the Russian Juggernaut at bay by unflinching courage and unfailing skill. No bravery would have availed without the skill, no skill would have been enough without the grim determination of the men behind the gun.

In Finland's Forests

It would not have been enough that the wheels of the Juggernaut were bogged in Finnish wastes, that Russian tanks and transport wagons were frozen in the ice. It needed the endless resource of Finnish marksmen to "make good the dark impenetrable wood" of their forests. There they pinned their assailants down. There they harried them, cut them off, and rounded them up like sheep.

These Finns have been the immortals of a new Thermopylae, the desperate few against the many, the happy few prepared to make the supreme sacrifice for the sake of the land they hold so dear.

When we think of Finland's fight, it is not merely the matchless handling of small forces and small resources which speaks loudest to us. Whatever the outcome of the struggle, the splendour of the feat by which the Finnish High Command maintained its army's resistance on eight fronts at a time, and thrust back vastly

superior Russian forces from the positions they had gained in the first furious massed onslaughts, will have its place in military history. But what the Finnish soldier did will have its place in the history of mankind.

As long as tales are told in the firelight the picture of the white-clad Finns on their skis, gliding through the forests and over the snow, will stir the hearts of boys and men. They go as silently as ghosts, and they are a threat to their enemies more to be feared than wolves. They feint here and lay an ambush there, leaving the Russians no respite. They are the most skilled of marksmen, but are themselves the most fleeting of targets. Who has not been thrilled by the tale of that band of desperate men who crept so silently through the dark night, not speaking in a whisper but keeping in touch with one another by signs, while they passed behind the Russian lines to cut the railway between Leningrad and Murmansk?

The Unconquerable Spirit

There are other pictures from the outposts. One is of 36 young Finns resting inside a deep dug-out on Christmas Day in sight of the Russian lines. They were in sight also of five derelict Russian tanks which they had destroyed by hurling bottles of explosives from the end of sticks at them. And there is another Boxing Day story from an advanced artillery post visited by an English newspaper correspondent, who had the alarming experience of having to crawl back to a dug-out while the Russians shelled his guides. "It must be that God helps us," said the commander of the post; and that is the spirit that runs

This is what makes modern life so interesting. We know now that life is spiritual, and that what we do is nothing compared with the spirit in which we do it. Our work may be dull, but suppose it makes us patient, tender, sympathetic, and compassionate! A poor girl sewing for a bare livelihood may be more powerful in the world than a statesman. Perhaps you are not quite certain. Then consider the great man Goethe, whom many reckon as complete a genius as Shakespeare. Goethe, whose thoughts have passed into the life of Europe, was deeply influenced by the stories told him by a devoted mother.

A Mother's Influence

Did that young mother, who afterwards said of her famous son, "We were young together," realise that in telling him stories she was influencing a soul that was destined to influence the whole of Europe? Did she dream for a moment that she was doing more for the human race than all the grand duchesses and serene highnesses who made such a stir in the Court Circular?

When we come to love reading biography more than stories we find that every great man traces to some person, perhaps unknown, the influence which set his soul on its journey to the stars. Wonderful is it to find how the plain worsted of some humble life is woven into the glorious tapestry of heroic achievement.

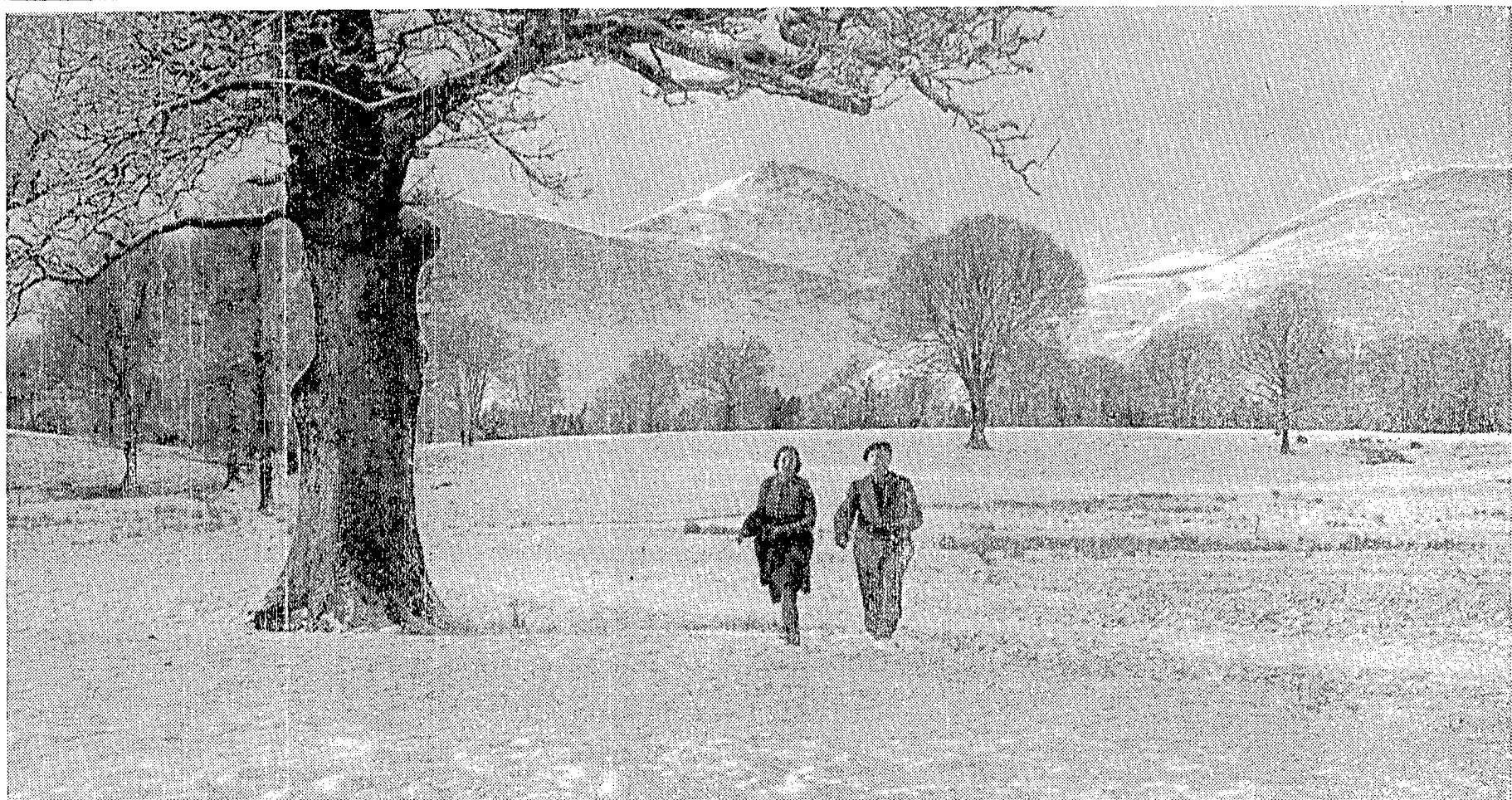
through all these Finnish fighters. Such soldiers fight to the last man and the last trench. None shrank from danger, none from death. They were minded, as Pericles said of the unreturning brave, to resist and die, rather than by surrendering to escape.

An Example For Europe

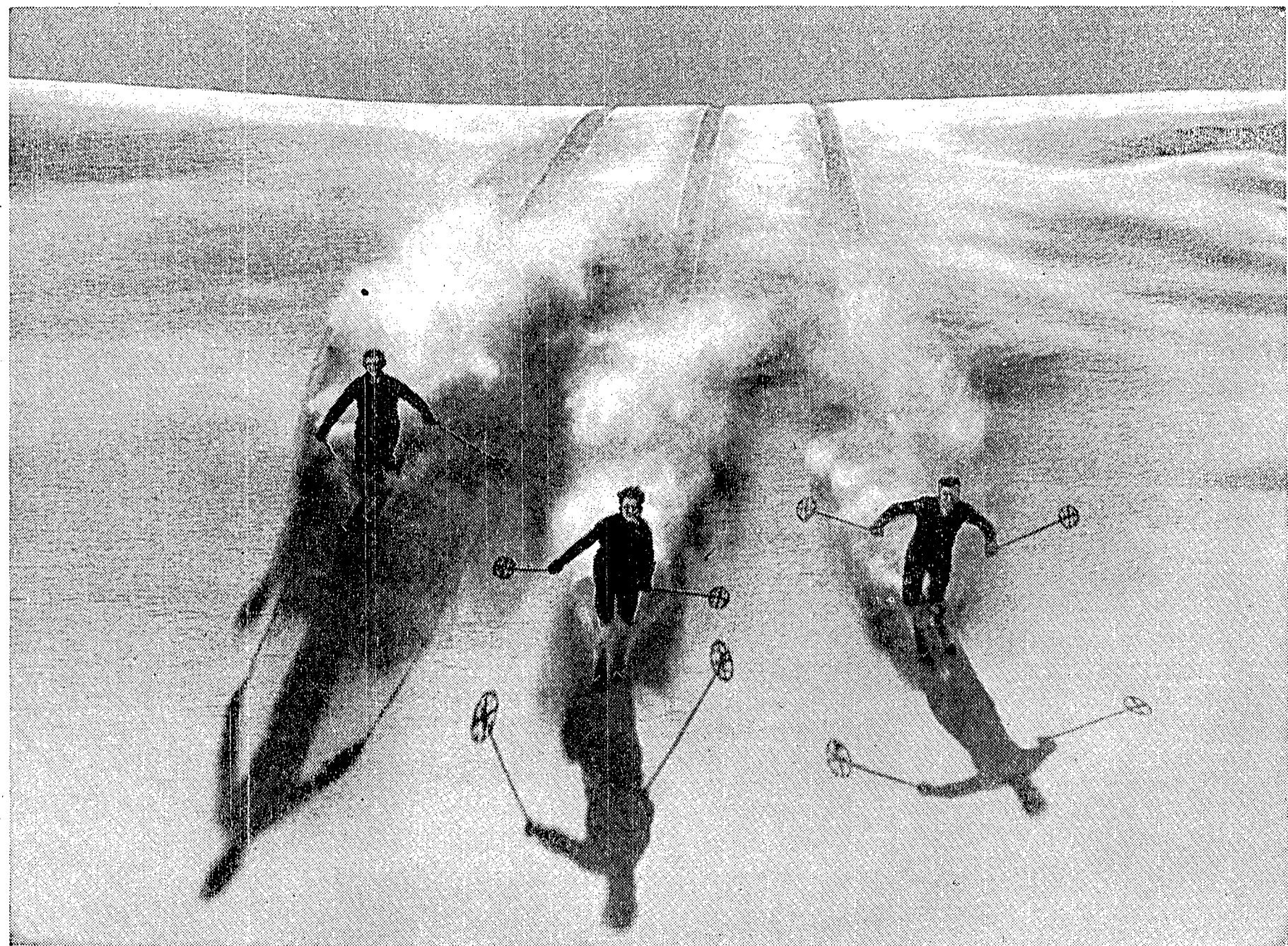
In such men is no fear of death, but only fear of failure. They give their valour to their country as a free offering; and if they give also their lives they receive also the renown which never grows old. Their grave will be not that in which they are laid but in the glory they leave behind, for of such men the whole earth is the sepulchre. In every land the memory of what they fought for, and if God willed what they died for, dwells in men's hearts.

Of this Finland and her men of high courage let it be said that they made the great sacrifice for freedom. Many died for it. It is the hope of the world that more will live for it. Zero hour struck for Finland on that first December day when Russian raiding planes bombed Helsinki and murdered her men, women, and children without warning. In one day a peaceful land which threatened none, envied none, and was the home of three or four millions of contented and prosperous people was stretched on the rack of torture and sacrifice, to be maimed and destroyed by a huge mechanical brute, a merciless, a ruthless foe.

But by New Year's Day Finland still stood erect and confident, and so she started this new year. She had saved herself by her exertions, and she may yet save Europe by her example, as Pitt said of another little nation.



Walking in Cumberland



Ski-ing in Switzerland

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

More Precious Than Gold

We hear news from Palestine, not of the ripples of the world's unrest, but of the strange discovery of the peaceful days of King Solomon.

As we know, his mines have been found, and they were mines of copper and iron, not of the gold and silver for which he exchanged them. Their exploration has now been interrupted, but the Director of the American School of Research at Jerusalem, Mr Natson Gueck, tells the tale.

His workers found the mines scattered one after the other in the long mountainous rift from the south end of the Dead Sea to the Gulf of Aquaba, the north-east arm of the Red Sea. Here was the port of Ezion Geber, beside Eloth, from which the sea route to Ophir started. It was King Solomon's naval base, where, as we may read in the Book of Kings, he built a fleet which "once in three years came in bringing gold, silver, ivory, and peacocks, a very great amount of sandalwood, and precious stones."

A Race of Smiths

Solomon had trade agreements not with Ophir alone but with Arabia and farther afield, and sold to distant kings and countries his copper, more precious to them than precious stones. His vassals, the Kenites (the race from which Moses took his wife), had knowledge of smelting, and they had the lost secret of tempering copper so that its edge would cut. Theirs was a craft going back to the days of Tubal Cain, and their name means the smiths.

Even more important than the discovery of the string of copper and iron mines and the remains of their smelting furnaces and slag heaps is that of the buried city of Ezion Geber. This was not the port but the refinery, some miles inland. It was distant from wells, and exposed to the full blast of sand storms.

The explanation of this strange choice of site was revealed when an elaborate refinery was unearthed among its mud houses. In this refinery, where the roasted ores were worked up into pure metal, were many holes and openings through which the fierce desert winds could blow. The cunning Kenites used the blast to keep their furnaces bright and glowing, and so saved bellows. The desert was their bellows, its breezes fanning the flames.

The Searchlight Men

Night after night we see the bright shafts of the searchlights sweeping the sky and flashing daringly between the stars, and often we look up to watch these gigantic pencils of light swaying in huge arcs across the floor of heaven. A wondrous sight they are, a whole battery of them sometimes putting us in mind of the Northern Lights, so strangely do they streak the clouds.

But how many of us think of the men behind the searchlights?

We are ready to praise our airmen, our seamen, and our soldiers in France, but we may well think now and then of the lonely searchlight men who keep watch through the hours of darkness and are ready at a moment's notice to flash their lamps among the constellations whenever enemy aircraft is near.

In the main the duties of these men are not dangerous, but are extremely tedious. Most of the thousands of searchlight parties up and down our land are in groups of eleven, each company interned, as it were, in isolated camps. Cut off from towns and villages, without either wireless or newspapers, miles from anywhere, they lead drab and lonely lives. *Any brightness which any of us can make for them will be welcome.*

Oliver Goldsmith's Lost Dinner

A DISCOVERY NEXT DOOR TO THE C N

FOR the last two years a survey of old books in the library of Sion College, next door to the C N office, has engaged the energies of experts, and some of the results of their labours have now been revealed.

Chief among the treasures found are a 16th century Syriac version of the New Testament, Henry Purcell's signed copy of the Thirty-Nine Articles, and a first edition of Oliver Goldsmith's poem *The Haunch of Venison*, a delightful little comedy in verse at which men have been laughing for 164 years.

One of our greatest literary geniuses, the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and of some of our most charming poems and dramas was always poor, and not until after his death did he attain the fame that has since exalted his name. *The Haunch of Venison* celebrates a dinner that he never ate, and it remained unknown to the world until the grave had closed over him.

Goldsmith had but one patron, Lord Clare, and it was he who sent the poet the haunch of venison whose fate the lines describe. Goldsmith felt that it was too rich and rare a gift to be eaten, and that he ought to keep it as a show-piece to dazzle his friends; and he adds a touch that will be appreciated in these days of bacon shortage, saying that it must be treasured.

AUSTRALIA HAS HER FIRST AMBASSADOR

A NEW chapter has been written in the story of the Empire. Australia has appointed her first Minister to the United States, and President Roosevelt has appointed the first US Minister to Australia. Canada and USA have already exchanged Ministers.

This is a fruit of the Statute of Westminster, which, linking the Dominions together in the British Commonwealth, recognises that each of them (Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand) is an independent nation, free to appoint its own ambassadors and ministers and to make treaties with foreign Powers.

Hitherto Australia has been content to be represented abroad by envoys from the Motherland, as New Zealand is still, but one by one the Dominions, while ardently loyal to the Crown, feel that they can be best served abroad by their own sons, men who have full and special knowledge of the problems and aspirations of the land that sends them forth to speak as equals with the sovereigns and presidents of other nations.

Lost in the Baltic

A good proportion of the Russian mercantile fleet, it has been shown, consists of throw-outs from our own marine, some of the ships dating back seventy years, many to the beginning of our century. None of these Britons of other days was considered good enough to keep its place with our modern ocean craft, but they lord it in the Baltic today with Russian vessels even less distinguished.

One British prize the Russians have that they did not buy. This is the L 55, one of our submarines built during the Great War. This one, following the peace with Germany, we lost in the Baltic operations against the Bolsheviks in 1919. After she had lain long at the bottom of the sea the Russians raised and repaired her, and today they exhibit L 55 as the symbol of a triumph which they won over Great Britain.

As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,

*One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,*

They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.

Irish Oliver never ate his venison. While he was wondering whether he ought not to get his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint a picture of it an officious friend popped in, said that he had invited Burke and Dr Johnson to dinner on the morrow, bade Goldsmith come and join them, and carried off the venison as indispensable to the feast.

The poet went to the dinner, only to find that neither Burke nor Johnson nor the venison was present. The guests could not come; and the baker to whom the venison in its pasty had been sent for cooking had forgotten to put it in the oven!

Still, the venison was not wasted, for it formed the subject of a poem that may last as long as our language and helps to keep fresh our affection for the luckless genius whose misfortunes concerning it were characteristic of his chequered career. If Oliver Goldsmith had eaten his venison Sion College would not have found this first edition of the poem, for the verses would not have been written.

Such a development was hardly foreseen by the men who built our Empire, or by anyone else until our own time. The success of the scheme of steady evolution by which it has been brought to pass is but newest proof that there has never been such an Empire as ours, so great in riches, extent, and power, so perfectly free in its institutions, so unbreakably united by the bonds of affection and loyalty to the Crown.

Such is one of the differences between this unfettered Commonwealth of ours and tyrant-driven Germany. Five hundred million members of the British Empire speak and act as one man with the Motherland in the present war. Australia's new ambassador at Washington is perfectly free to declare that Australia is willing to make Peace; but he does not. In Germany a single man determines the destiny of 80 million people, who have permitted him to assume powers so fantastic that, even if they all decide against him, they are pledged to let his will prevail; they must submit, and they do, as a race of slaves.

FROM THE LITTLE MAID

From Bedford comes this story of a mouth-organ.

An old soldier collecting gifts for young soldiers overseas received, among other things a mouth-organ so tuneless that he did not know what to do with it. It had been put into his hand by a little maid of ten—a love-offering, he was sure.

The old soldier, having his doubts as to the way in which such a battered instrument would be received by the troops, was contemplating throwing it away when a friendly councillor quietly replaced it with a new one costing half-a-guinea.

A few days later the little maid was thrilled to receive a letter from France thanking her for the mouth-organ, which had been a great treat.

It is good to know that everyone is happy now—the troops, the old soldier, the little maid, and the councillor.

THE DREAMERS OF THE ORCHARDS

Their Dreams Are Coming True

Oranges are now in every fruit shop and are getting into the marmalade, for there is no truth in the fear expressed by the grocer that the "marmalade situation was going to be difficult."

Meanwhile science, stirred by the strangeness of the seedless orange, has been looking into the reason why it comes about, and has gone on to inquire whether and how seedless fruits can be artificially produced. It appears that fruits and flowers have in their make-up certain natural chemicals, as human beings have. These chemicals, named hormones, stir animals and vegetables to unusual activity. In excess they produce the seedless orange because the orange does not need the seeds.

Applying this idea, the scientific horticulturists have treated fruits with chemicals derived from coal tar and a vinegary acid. The tomato was the first fruit to answer to this treatment, and it became seedless. Oranges and grapes have followed, and the seedless water-melon is expected. The cultivator's dream is to produce seedless strawberries and a seedless date.

ALL DORSET IN ONE VOLUME

What They Say of It

Dorset is one of the new volumes in the Editor's Domesday Book of England. This is what one of the Dorset papers says of it.

I have just finished reading a book that has given me more pleasure than any other of its kind I have read. Mr Mee and his collaborators have done a fine job of work.

Although written concisely, their book seizes every opportunity of presenting all that is graphic and historic; indeed, until I read it I had not fully realised that Dorset is such a wonderfully old and picturesque county.

To the visitor to Dorset the book is an encyclopedia; to the Dorset man a delight. It is not a guide book in the accepted sense of the term, yet with it one may tour the county with the sure knowledge that one misses nothing that should be seen.

Attractively produced and illustrated, this book should find a place on every bookshelf in the county—and just as many outside—and it would be a good plan if every school in Dorset were to place it in its library and make full use of it in class.

Poole and East Dorset Herald

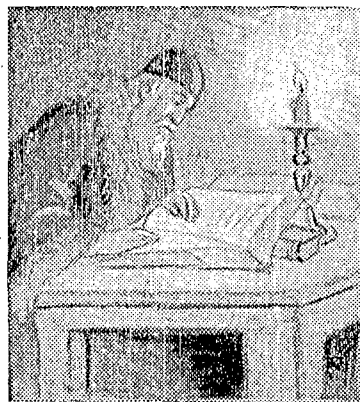
A Little Bird Told Me

Homing pigeons are important members of the staff of the Hornell Tribune in New York State. The readers of this paper can really say that "a little bird told me."

Every day the truck which delivers the papers to country districts all round Hornell carries a crate of pigeons. These the driver delivers to twenty correspondents, who type out their news items on tissue paper and place them inside a little aluminium capsule tied to the bird's leg. Then they set the bird free, and home it flies, perhaps 30 miles, to the roof of the Tribune building, where it enters its coop, ringing a bell as it does so. This bell connects with the editorial room, and at once the office boy races up to the roof to bring down the latest news.

This special pigeon news service started with a pair of birds three years ago. It has proved such a splendid idea, saving time and money, that there are now 50 message carriers.

CN WORD STRIP



Candle-Waster. One who sits up late at night to study.

Make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters.

Much Ado, 5, 1



Trencher-Knight. A serving man or waiter. A trencherman is a hearty eater.

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick.

Love's Labour Lost, 5, 2



Blowse. A beauty with sun-tanned skin.

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Titus Andronicus, 4, 2



Bilboes. Fetters for mutinous sailors.

Methought I lay worse than the mutines in the bilboes.

Hamlet, 5, 2



Arch. A chief or overlord; now used only as part of such words as Archbishop.

My worthy arch and patron.

King Lear, 2, 1

THE TREMENDOUS WAR WEAPONS NOT YET USED

THE world is witnessing a remarkable reluctance on the part of all three nations in the Hitler War to use tremendous armaments to the full, and we may wonder if this is the first real sign of hostility to war itself. It has often been said that war would become so dreadful a catastrophe that it would destroy itself.

Each of these countries possesses the power to inflict terrible injury on an enemy, and each country hangs back. It is too soon to say if this symptom will continue, but we may well hope that arms have reached a point at which those who own them hesitate to kill by the million, and that the end may be reached by some

other means than wholesale slaughter. Yet armaments grow, both in bulk and as individual engines. The battleships grow ever bigger. From America comes a report that 65,000-ton warships are contemplated, to cost £32,500,000 each! The biggest battleship afloat at present is the British Hood of 42,100 tons.

Aircraft also rapidly increase in size, speed, and guns. All sorts of experiments are being made. There are machine-guns which fire ahead and can be operated by the pilot. There are machine-guns mounted in turrets so that guns can be fired in any direction, as on a battleship. Also there are cannon firing shells

which explode on hitting the target. An American fighting aeroplane is to have 17 machine-guns, with four gunners to work them.

The classification of bombing and fighting planes may disappear. We shall probably see planes capable of both.

A new fighter plane capable of a speed of over 400 miles an hour has been planned in America, said to embody an engine with 42 cylinders.

So also it is with army materials. Artillery becomes more and more powerful, and the development of the land battleship, the tank, goes on apace. Where yesterday the infantryman carried a rifle, today he carries what is really a machine-gun.

But in spite of all this, these powerful weapons are countered by hitherto undreamed-of fortifications, said to be impregnable. Thus we get such colossal constructions as the Maginot Line of France, the Siegfried Line of Germany, and the Mannerheim Line of Finland.

The cost of all these things is so enormous as to tax heavily the resources of the nations. We see wealth that might make multitudes happy and prosperous spent on the means of death. Everyone deplores it, yet every nation adds to it. It is a mad world. The CN was saying it ten years ago, and everybody is saying it now.

In the Country Now—Starlings Flying in Mass Formation

AFTER a fall of snow on any January night it is interesting to look out for the trails or footprints of different creatures. The identification of them is quite an art, and provides not only good recreation but an excellent exercise in nature study and observation. It is also interesting to follow the tracks and see where they lead to; and in this way we may learn something of the habits of the creatures themselves.

There is a distinct difference, for instance, between the footprints of a bird that hops and one that walks. Where rooks live we shall always find their tracks, and they are easily distinguished. The impression of the long hind claw betrays a perching bird, and of all the perching birds the rook alone walks as heavily as the footprints indicate.

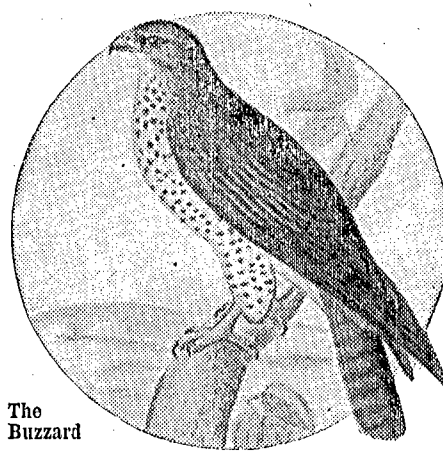
The starling is always lively and cheerful, even in these cold times, and

seems to enjoy life thoroughly. A feature of the countryside in the winter months is, of course, the congregating of the starlings in large flocks, and they are fond of making aerial excursions in mass formation. It is, in fact, quite a sight to see a flock rise suddenly from a field where they were hunting for food. Little comes amiss to them—insects, worms, slugs, berries, seeds, and corn.

Just now they are beginning to resort to buildings, as a preliminary to looking round for nesting sites later on.

The common and rough-legged buzzards are much rarer than they used to be, the common buzzard being a resident and the other an irregular migrant.

To see the common buzzard soaring in stately fashion over a wide moorland with widely-expanded wings is indeed a fine sight. The bird might well be mistaken for an eagle, though it is really much smaller than an eagle.



The Buzzard

Unfortunately, when it is about there is generally some foolish man with a gun who thinks he is doing something

praiseworthy by bringing it down, imagining he has shot an eagle. It is, however, this kind of false prowess that is making the buzzard rarer and rarer in these islands of ours.

A common sight in the country now is the young lambs sporting in the fields, and very pretty they are. Everywhere in the south the green fields are dotted with them, and as the days pass it will be the case farther and farther north.

An examination of the fruit trees in the orchard will often reveal the eggs of the lackey moth, laid in bands round twigs, and varnished to protect them. Now is the time to look out for them, when trees are bare of leaves.

The vapourer moth's eggs, too, may also be found, mixed up with fragments of the old cocoons, looking like cobwebs. They are laid in crevices of tree trunks and walls, and are detached free from damage only with difficulty.

The Air Traveller's New Stop

THE giant Boeing Clippers of Pan-American Airways, which are now winging their way across the Pacific, are making Suva a stopping-place between Canton Island and New Caledonia.

Passengers on these Pacific flights will fall in love with the palm-fringed lagoons and the plantations of sugarcane, copra, and exotic fruit which cover the 250 coral islands of the Fijian group.

But they will get rather a shock when they see the natives, for they one and all have hair like Shock-Headed Peter. They look as fierce as their cannibal ancestors of a hundred years ago, but their wild appearance is softened by the fact that they wear short skirts and friendly smiles.

Fiji is known as Little India of the South Seas. It is an outpost of the Indian Empire, for 80,000 Indians of many castes and creeds have settled there, most of them existing on the production of sugar. Turbaned Moslems, Hindus from northern districts of India, and grave, bearded Sikhs chatter away in Hindustani or read the Indian daily paper as they stride among the virile Fijians.

No one leaves Suva without going to the Museum, where they see what is probably the world's longest rope of fibre. It is a huge roll of coconut fibre, seven miles long, and was given to the museum by the natives at the coronation of Edward the Seventh.

THE HEART OF A WAVE METER

This is about one of the most remarkable devices of our Scientific Age.

THE ether is crowded with broadcasts and wireless messages on numerous wavelengths, and BBC engineers have been testing a new apparatus which will measure any wavelength quickly and with great accuracy. The margin of error, in fact, is microscopic, only one or two parts in a thousand million.

The heart of this delicate instrument has a quartz crystal slab no bigger than a halfpenny; and it is a heart which must be kept pulsating at a regular rate of about a million times a second. On this depends the accuracy of the apparatus.

Changes of temperature and air pressure affect the crystal, and so to guard against these chances the delicate heart is held in position inside a vacuum container, which is placed inside an electrically-heated oven. This, with other parts of the delicate apparatus, is enclosed in another similar type of oven, and then the whole apparatus is deposited in a concrete pit which is soundproof and shockproof and specially warmed.

When the engineers on their hilltop station wish to consult the apparatus, they must not approach too closely for fear of upsetting its delicate constitution, so they view it through periscopes.

THE FLYING MAN'S BLACKOUT

Remarkable Experience of a Plane

A power-dive at 650 to 700 m.p.h. has been experienced by an R.A.F. pilot of a Spitfire fighter.

It was an involuntary effort, for when the pilot had climbed to 23,000 feet he temporarily lost consciousness, due no doubt to lack of oxygen, and the next thing he knew was that the machine was diving vertically at terrific speed. He was unable to see and register the top speed during the dive, but he succeeded in pulling the machine out from its headlong dash toward the earth, and in the vertical climb which followed he was travelling at 400 m.p.h. From this fact experts have judged that the machine must have travelled at 650 m.p.h. during the dive.

Effect of Sudden Changes

In pulling his machine out of the dive it is remarkable that the pilot did not "blackout" himself, although he said that he experienced extreme discomfort. When suddenly changing direction at very high speed flying men usually suffer from momentary unconsciousness due to the draining of the blood from the brain, "blackout" being the R.A.F. term for this condition.

This question of blacking-out and the physical changes which accompany it have been investigated by doctors in many lands. The condition is known as amaurosis fugax. An American, Dr R. B. Phillips, has flown in a fast machine to measure the effects on himself.

High speeds, as long as they are uniform, do not harm the human body. The trouble is with sudden big acceleration, or sudden change of direction, as when pulling out of a power dive.

When in a power dive the body is rushing to earth with a force far greater than that of gravitation, and with the sudden change of direction the body is subjected to centrifugal force, the pull being toward the feet. The body itself withstands the pressure, but the moving and movable parts within are affected. It is this which drains the blood away from the head and causes momentary unconsciousness.

Perfect Physique Necessary

Dr Phillips was in a plane which dived for a mile at 350 m.p.h., and it was not until the machine was pulled out of the dive to resume level flight that he lost consciousness, a condition which lasted for five seconds, with a sudden return to consciousness.

In some cases unconsciousness may last as long as 20 seconds, during which time a fast plane could travel more than two miles; so it will be understood that the crews of our fighter and fast bomber machines must be young men of perfect physique.

The Spitfire which dived at 11 miles a minute has been returned to the makers for a detailed examination to be made of the engine and airframe, for it is believed that important data will be obtained. This accidental experience proves beyond doubt the fitness of the pilot and the strength of his machine.

The Dull Thing

The parish magazine is often the dull thing in the parish.

The Vicar of Garston, Liverpool, seems to agree with us, and is producing a new sort of magazine. He believes that the parish magazine should be bright, that artists should be engaged to do the front cover, and that the magazine should step out of the parish and talk of many interesting and worthy things that are going on in the world.

The Strange World of Uranus

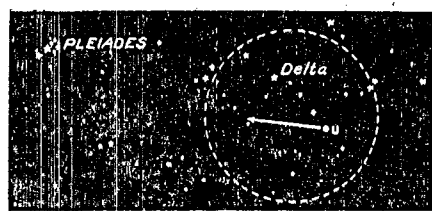
CAN THIS PLANET MAINTAIN LIFE?

THE passing of Mars from Jupiter towards Saturn, writes the C.N. Astronomer, is the most striking planetary event of the next fortnight, during which the rapid motion of Mars, now appearing almost exactly midway between Jupiter and Saturn, will be interesting to watch. Actually, of course, Mars is very much nearer to us than either Jupiter or Saturn.

Venus continues to approach rapidly, mounting higher in the south-west sky and setting later. At present she does not set until nearly 8 o'clock and, about 118,000,000 miles away, is much the nearest world to us, excepting the Moon.

Now let us find Uranus, the farthest world that it is possible to see with the naked eye. He is at present very well placed for observation, and the moonless evenings of the next fortnight should permit us all to get a peep at this strange, weird world that is so very far away—actually 1805 million miles away at the present time.

Uranus is so far that his light (reflected sunlight) takes 2 hours and 40 minutes to reach us; consequently when Uranus is observed through the telescope his sphere is never just where he appears to



The present position of Uranus, indicated by U, the arrow showing the extent of his movement in the next three months. The broken circle shows the average field of view of glasses.

be, but is actually just about his own width in front. This is because Uranus speeds through space at about four miles a second, travelling about 38,400 miles in 2 hours 40 minutes, and so, his width being 30,900 miles, he is a long way in front of where he appears to be when observed. How fortunate it is for us that light travels so quickly, otherwise, if it travelled no faster than, say, sound, then distant moving objects, even on Earth,

such as ships on the sea and aeroplanes in flight, would not be just where they appeared to be.

The star-map, showing the same area of the sky as the map in the C.N. of November 18 last, gives the present position of Uranus. It will be seen how far he has moved, and also that he is now travelling the reverse way and toward the east. The arrow indicates how far this will appear to be during the next three months. With the Pleiades as a guide it should be very easy to identify Uranus, though, owing to his faintness, glasses will be a great help; the broken circle shows the area of the field-of-view.

It is not easy to imagine life on such a remote world as Uranus; but, when we bear in mind the amazing and most varied conditions in which life can exist and even flourish on our world, it would be rash to say that life could not exist and even flourish exceedingly on Uranus, for we know not what is beneath his vast envelope of clouds with their peculiar greenish outer surfaces. These may rarely permit direct sunlight to penetrate to the more solid surface of Uranus, a surface so vast that it is 15 times greater than the Earth's. Moreover, every square mile of the Earth's surface receives about 360 times more light and heat from the Sun than does a corresponding square mile on Uranus.

Nevertheless, Uranus may, and probably does, possess much internal heat. A dense canopy of clouds would tend to conserve this, and so, though intensely frigid conditions would exist on the upper surfaces of those clouds, as in the case of high terrestrial clouds, it would be far different underneath. If sunlight did penetrate it would provide a bright twilight sufficient to read by and over a hundred times brighter than the light provided by our Full Moon to us. Notwithstanding the immensity of Uranus, the weight of things on Uranus would be singularly similar to that of things on Earth. For example, a pound of butter would weigh just about 15 ounces on Uranus; so we should be able to get about with even greater ease and alacrity on Uranus, as our feet would weigh just that proportion less, and our heads would be equally lighter. G. F. M.

Where the Lions Prowl by Night

WE often hear of systematic raids by foxes on English poultry farms, of one fox or a couple going out nightly to kill and carry away valuable birds.

It is bad for the farmers, but how much worse is the plight of white pioneers and of natives in the tropics when lions are the hunters and human beings the quarry! The end of the latest chapter of this sort has just been written in the Puri district of Angola, or Portuguese West Africa, where two lions which had taken to man-slaying long created a reign of terror.

Some African tribes are notable lion-hunters, and their young men are deemed unworthy of marriage until they have shown themselves valiant and successful against the king of beasts. The majority, however, have no such qualities for

combat, and submit, like poultry to an English fox, to attacks by lions as something unavoidable and decreed by destiny. In such cases man-hunting by these terrible animals becomes a fixed habit, and they seek no other prey.

Only a white man who does not fear lions can relieve the situation for these natives, and it is a white man who has now redeemed the Angola natives from their peril and terror by shooting the two great marauders.

Two lions in good health can effect extraordinary ravages. When the Uganda railway was being built a pair of them preyed so fiercely on the native workmen that they brought the entire undertaking to a complete standstill until a fearless white man tracked them down and shot them.

From India's Coral Strand

It will surprise many people to find India entering the war, not only by furnishing the services of her warrior sons for the front line of battle, but as a great engineering and industrial nation, supplying other parts of the Empire with goods that we should expect to come from industrial Britain.

We think of this immense Dependency as a land of coral strands, of immense forests and rushing rivers, of tigers and leopards, of snakes and elephants and other living wonders of the woods and jungle; but cities such as Calcutta,

Bombay, and Karachi have thriving engineering industries, and it is from these that Egypt is to be supplied with her wartime steel huts.

She is supplying Australia and South Africa with khaki for the uniforms of their soldiers; she is preparing to make drugs and medicines for her own use and that of other lands; and the organisers of her heavy industries announce that India's engineers can supply other countries with steel bridges, hangars for aeroplanes, and undertakings equally imposing in other phases of engineering.

WHAT IS LIFE?

The Boy Talks With the Man

The Boy. When we talked of discovering new worlds you mentioned the hope of discovering the secret that divides living from lifeless things. Please tell me more about this.

The Man. You are asking me to tell you of undiscovered secrets, but the matter is so fascinating that I cannot refuse. Living things we call organic; of such are mosses, herbs, trees, insects, fishes, animals, and above all proud man, seeker and discoverer. Lifeless things we call inorganic; of such are minerals, from common clay to a ruby or a diamond, and all liquids, whether fluids or gases, from water to hydrogen. Essentially, as you know, all these inorganic things are composed of a limited number of elements—of basic substances, that is, which cannot be broken up, such as oxygen gas and copper.

Boy. Would it be right to say that the living things have power to move while the lifeless things cannot move?

Man. No, it would not; and there the mystery deepens. Science has discovered that all lifeless things are composed of electrical particles that are in continuous and rapid movement. The ultimate particle seems to be a microscopic world of movement.

Boy. So that if Life is merely movement all things are alive?

Man. Precisely, and therefore we see that Life is something more than movement. There is a profound and searching difference which is the heart of the mystery.

Boy. How clear the difference is when an animal is shot! A moment before its death the creature had power of movement as a live being. A moment later it is dead, and yet the mere atoms of its body are still in movement.

Man. Yes, while alive it had power to function, to feed, to care for its young, to fulfil its brief destiny. This was much more than movement; it was Life itself. The mere atoms making up its body were in movement whether the creature was alive or dead. Matter and Life are thus a world apart. The scientist has merely proved that matter is

... a masque of dancing beams that mock
The mind of man with frigid mystery.

Life, however, baffles him.

Boy. Is there no hope of solving the mystery, of discovering the great secret?

Man. We can only say that so far all researches have ended in negative results. Life from life is the commonest phenomenon, but even so it is hardly to be believed; it is so very wonderful and mysterious. Life from Matter is the supreme mystery. We see the living seed germinating in suitable conditions of temperature and moisture, gathering matter to itself and building the matter into a great tree. Thus Life controls, seizes, uses, and builds up matter into all sorts of shapes, from an oak tree to a tiger. After a period, long for the oak tree and short for the tiger, the rhythm of life ceases and the living thing perishes; the gathered-up lifeless matter rejoins the soil. We spoke of new worlds; would it not be the most marvellous new world to discover the true relation of Life to Matter?

The Unknown Blind Man

Everybody is glad to hear that the National Institute for the Blind has received more than £10,000 in response to the eloquent broadcast appeal by the Unknown Blind Man. He is a friend of the C.N., and the Editor sends his greetings and congratulations on this noble success in very hard days.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

SECOND PART

THREE days after the surrender of the fort Hawk-eye and his two Mohican companions, accompanied by Munro and Duncan, stood upon the fatal plain. Everywhere they had searched for the bodies of the two girls, and nowhere could they be found. It was clear to Hawk-eye that they still lived, and had been carried off by Magua. With untiring energy he at once set off to try to discover the trail. It was Uncas who, finding a portion of Cora's skirt caught on a bush, first opened up the line of pursuit. He it was, too, who read the track of Magua's feet on the ground—the unmistakable straddling toe of the savage. An ornament dropped by Alice and the large footprints of the singing-master laid bare to the trained intelligence of the Indian scout everything that had happened.

As they reached the outskirts of a clearing they perceived a melancholy-looking savage in war-paint and moccasins seated by the side of a stream watching a colony of beavers busily engaged in making a dam. Duncan was about to fire, but Hawk-eye, roaring with laughter, stayed his arm. The savage was none other than David.

The Clever Disguise

ALICE and Cora were near at hand, and Duncan was all eager to make his way to their side. Hawk-eye so far humoured his whim as to consent to his visiting the encampment disguised as a medicine man.

As soon as he entered the camp he declared that he had been sent by the Grand Monarque to heal the ills of the Hurons. The chief to whom he spoke listened to him for some time, and then asked him to show his skill by frightening away the evil spirit that lived in the wife of one of his young men. Duncan could not refuse, though he felt certain that the trial of his skill would result

A Short Version of Fenimore Cooper's Thrilling Story, Told in Two Instalments

in the detection of his disguise. Just as the chief was about to lead the way to the woman's side Magua joined the group, to be followed shortly afterwards by a number of young men bringing with them a prisoner. A cry went up, "Le Cerf Agile!" and every warrior sprang to his feet. To his dismay Duncan saw that it was Uncas. Magua gazed at his captive gravely for some time; then, raising his arm, shook it at him, exclaiming, "Mohican, you die!"

Duncan's conductor led him to a cave which went some distance into the rocky side of the mountain. As he entered Duncan saw a dark, mysterious-looking object that rose unexpectedly in his path. It was a bear, and, though the young soldier knew that the Indians often kept such animals as pets, its deep growls and the manner in which it clutched at him as he passed up the long, narrow passage of the cave caused him not a little uneasiness.

Having shown him the sick woman, who, it was clear, was dying, the Indians left the supposed medicine man to fight the devils by himself. To his horror Duncan saw that the bear remained behind, growling savagely. Watching it uneasily, he noticed its head suddenly fall on one side—and in its place appeared the sturdy countenance of the scout! As quickly as he could Hawk-eye explained how he had come across a wizard preparing for a *séance*, how he had stunned him and taken the bear's skin in which the charlatan had proposed to make his magic.

While the scout rearranged his disguise Duncan, searching the cave, in another compartment discovered Alice. But even as

the girl was in the first throes of delight at this unexpected meeting the guttural laugh of Magua was heard, and she saw the dark form and malignant visage of the savage.

"Huron, do your worst!" exclaimed the excited Duncan, as he saw that all his plans were brought to nought.

"Will the white man speak these words at the stake?" asked Magua, turning to leave the cave. As he did so the bear growled loudly and threateningly; believing it to be one of the wizards, Magua attempted to pass it contemptuously. Suddenly the animal rushed at him, and, seizing him in its arms, completely overpowered him. Duncan at once ran to the scout's assistance and secured the savage.

At Hawk-eye's suggestion Alice was wrapped up in the dying woman's clothes and, completely hidden from view, was carried out of the cave.

"The disease has gone out of her," explained Duncan to the father and husband who waited without. "I go to take the woman to a distance, where I will strengthen her against any further attack. Let my children wait without, and if the evil spirit appears beat him down with clubs."

Hawk-Eye's Revenge

LEAVING the Indians with a certainty that they would not enter the cavern and discover Magua, Duncan and the scout made their way to the hut where Uncas lay bound. Entering with David, they released the Mohican, and immediately hastened to take the next step suggested by the resourceful Hawk-eye. David was secure from all harm; so the scout, stepping out of his bear-skin, dressed himself in the singing-master's clothes, while Uncas donned the wizard's disguise. Thus arrayed, they ventured out among the natives, leaving David within. Without being suspected they passed through the encampment; but they had not got far before a yell announced that their subterfuge had been discovered. Uncas cast his skin, and he and the scout made their escape into the woods, taking Alice with them.

Magua, for motives of policy, had, while keeping Alice in his own hands, entrusted Cora to the neighbouring tribe of Tortoise Delawares. Thither went Magua, to find that the scout and his companions were before him. Nothing daunted, Magua almost persuaded the Tortoises to surrender the girl. As the chief of the tribe hesitated how to act Uncas stepped forward and bared his breast. A cry rose from all present, for there, delicately tattooed on the young Mohican's skin, was the emblem of a Tortoise. In him the tribe recognised the long lost scion of the purest race of the Delawares, who, tradition said, still wandered far and unknown on the hills and through the forests.

But, in spite of Uncas's authority, the Indian law could not be set aside. Cora was Magua's captive of war. He had sought her in peace, and she must follow him. By all the laws of Indian hospitality his person was sacred till the setting of the sun.

As soon as the Maquas had disappeared the Tortoises made ready for war, with all the grim and terrifying ceremonies of their race. As hour after hour slipped by the savage spirit of the tribe increased in fury. Uncas alone remained unmoved. Standing in the midst of the now maddened savages, he kept his eyes fixed upon the declining sun. It dipped beneath the horizon; at once the whole encampment was broken up, and the warriors rushed down the trail which Magua had followed.

As soon as they came in touch with the enemy a desperate and bloody battle was fought. Under the leadership of the two Mohicans and Hawk-eye victory swayed to the side of the Tortoises. Huron after Huron fell until only Magua and two companions were left. Then, with a yell, Magua,

Le Renard Subtil, rushed from the field of battle and, seizing Cora, ran up a steep defile towards the mountains. On the side of the precipice Cora refused to move any farther.

"Woman!" cried Magua, raising his knife, "choose—the wigwam or the knife of Le Subtil?"

Cora neither heard nor heeded his demands. Magua trembled in every fibre. He raised his arm on high. Just then a piercing cry was heard from above, and Uncas leapt frantically from a fearful height upon the ledge on which they stood. He fell prostrate for a moment. As he lay there Magua plunged his knife into him, and at the same moment one of the other Indians stretched Cora lifeless. With the last effort of his strength Uncas rose to his feet and hurled Cora's murderer into the abyss below. Then, with a stern and steady look, he turned to Le Subtil and indicated with the expression of his eye all that he would do had not the power deserted him. Magua seized his nerveless arm and killed him with his dagger.

"Mercy!" cried Duncan from above.

"Give mercy, and thou shalt receive it!"

For answer Magua raised a shout of triumph and, leaping a wide fissure, made for the summit of the mountain. A single bound would carry him to the brow of the precipice and assure his safety. Before taking the leap he shook his hand defiantly at Hawk-eye, who waited with his rifle raised.

"The pale faces are dogs! The Delawares women! Magua leaves them on the rocks for the crows!"

Making a desperate leap, and falling short of his mark, Magua saved himself by grasping some shrub on the verge of the height. With an effort he pulled himself up. Hawk-eye, whose rifle shook with suppressed excitement, watched him closely. As his body was thus collected together, he drew the weapon to his shoulder and fired.

The arms of the Huron relaxed and his body fell back a little, but his knees still kept their position. Turning a relentless look on his enemy, he shook his hand at him in grim defiance. But his hold loosened, and his dark person was seen cutting the air, with its head downwards, for a fleeting instant, until it glided past the fringe of shrubbery in its rapid flight to destruction.

THE END

Candles Are Back Again

THE Blackout has brought candles into their own again; now we understand well the meaning of Shakespeare's words:

*How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.*

It has been said that not all the darkness in the universe can put out the light of one small candle, and in recent months some of us have realised afresh that not all the blackness of a moonless night can rob a candle of its brightness when we are groping in a room. This is the Electric Age, but once more country folk are finding their way across the fields with candle lanterns, for electric torches are hard to get. Once again boys and girls are going to bed by candle-light, as did R.L.S., with the shadows behind him going tramp, tramp, tramp up the stairs.

Gone are the days when candle-making was carried on at home, but we may recall the times when making candles was a regular part of the year's work on most farms, and in many other houses. Our grandfathers were

thrifty, and many of them would have thought it extravagant to buy candles when they could make their own for the cost of a little time and trouble. They made a point of keeping mutton fat till candle-making time came round, when the fat was rendered and poured into long and deep wooden boxes. Over each box rested 20 or 24 wooden rods, and suspended from these were lengths of thread to form the wicks. After being carefully placed at regular intervals, the wicks were dipped in the bath of fat by simply lowering the rods one after another. By the time the last rod had been lowered the wicks on the first were usually cool enough to be dipped again; and in this slow but sure way the candles were built up in successive layers, till all were big enough.

It must not be thought that the candles made in this way were perfect. They were far from it. The bottom of the candle was always bigger than the top, and the burning wick needed continual snuffing. But they dispersed the darkness and gave a kindly light.

Why 1940 Has a Day More

WITH 1940 we enter on a Leap Year. February has 29 instead of 28 days, and the year 366.

Ages ago the astrologers (the first astronomers—wiser than the astrologer quacks of today in Fleet Street) measured precisely the time it took the earth to make its annual journey; a true solar year consists of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes. Julius Caesar, counting this as 365½ days, decreed a year of 365 days, with one day added to every fourth year to pick up the fractional loss. This extra day he added to February's 29, giving it 30 days.

Augustus, however, took a day from February and gave it to his own month of August. So in a normal year February came to have only 28 days, and in a leap year 29.

The world was content with the Julian Calendar for 15 centuries; then it awoke to the fact that it had been losing time by the sun, as much as 11 minutes

14 seconds a year. To remedy this, Pope Gregory, in 1582, decreed that 11 days (approximately the time lost in 15 centuries) should be subtracted from the current year, calling October 5 October 15. At the same time he decreed that every year divided by four should be a leap year of 366 days, and every last year of a century (1600, 1800, 2000, and so on) should be a year of 366 days unless it could not be divided by 400, when it was to have 365 days. This trifling adjustment gave a result so near the truth that the error is now only one day in 3866 years.

England adopted the Gregorian Calendar (called New Style) in 1752, and called September 2 of that year September 14. For some time many people used both styles in their letters, the new Gregorian Calendar being called New Style and the Julian Calendar Old Style. We come upon the confusion caused by the change in many inscriptions.


KEEP YOUR TEETH BEAUTIFUL WITH MAGNESIA.

Here is a simple tip for those who wish for whiter teeth. Within a few days from the time you begin this simple blanching treatment your teeth will be distinctly whiter. Your mirror will show it plainly, and your friends will notice the improvement. Magnesium Hydroxide is the secret—it causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the duldest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

Getting the right brand of Magnesium Hydroxide is important, but is no trouble. It is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid, and this can be obtained in a new type of tooth-paste—Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Use this regularly and your teeth will be noticeably whiter. Phillips' Dental Magnesia contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia' and is sold everywhere, 6d., 10d. and 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

CHILDREN IN WAR-TIME.

★ We are doing our utmost for the welfare of those still in London, and for evacuees far away. Please share in this most important effort by sending a contribution to THE REV. PERCY INESON, Superintendent, EAST END MISSION, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1.



MARIE ELISABETH

REALLY ARE SARDINES!

Are delicious on toast for breakfast.

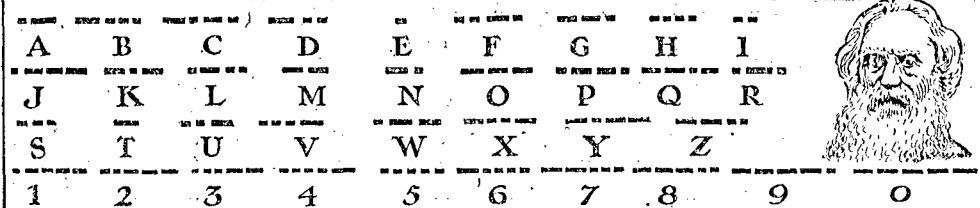
THE BRAN TUB

Obeying Instructions

PAT was applying for a job at the blacksmith's. The smith agreed to try him.

"Listen," the blacksmith said. "I'm going to bring this horse-shoe from the fire and lay it on the anvil; when I nod my head, hit it hard with this hammer."

Pat obeyed his instructions to the letter; the blacksmith never nodded his head again.



SAMUEL MORSE was born at Charlestown in Massachusetts on April 27, 1791, the son of a Congregational minister. He showed great ability as an artist, and studied in England under Benjamin West, but abandoned a successful career and impoverished himself by experiments with the electric telegraph, which he demonstrated at New York in 1835. His alphabet of dots and dashes is shown above.

HIDDEN VEGETABLES

IN each of the following sentences the name of a vegetable is concealed. We found a wasp in a child's cot. In return, I presented her with some sweets.

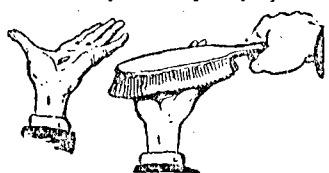
We happened to spot a town in the distance.

Antonio never winced when Shylock made his demand.

Answer next week

The Stubborn Sixpence

HOLD out your hand, palm upward, stretching it to its full extent. Then in the middle lay a sixpenny piece.



and offer this to anyone who can brush it out with a clothes or boot brush held flat across the hand. It will be quite impossible to do this. The sixpence lies in the hollow of the palm, and the bristles of the brush pass over it without moving it. Of course, the brush must brush rapidly and not use the end or side of the brush so as to dig the sixpence out of its resting-place.

How the Countries Got Their Names

INDIA means the country through which the River Indus flows.

Saxony took its name from the Sear, a short, crooked dagger which the old Saxons carried.

Russia is called after the Russ, a tribe who lived there long ago.

Portugal got its name from *Portus Cale*, the name the Romans gave to Oporto.

Italy means the country which was once ruled over by a king named Italus.

The Musical Villa

GUSTAVE DORÉ, the famous artist, bought a villa on the outskirts of Paris, and wrote over the door in musical notation the notes "Do, Mi, Si, La, Do, Re," pronounced *Do me se lah do ray*, which being interpreted read *Domicile à Doré*.

THE FIFTY PUZZLE

ADD 50 to an animal and find what goes on a chimney.

Add 50 to a beverage and find a water-bird.

Add 50 to a coin and find a record.

Add 50 to a burial-place and find small stones.

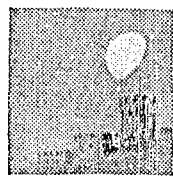
Add 50 to the ocean and find an animal.

Add 50 to a weapon and find a vessel.

Answers next week

Other Worlds Next Week

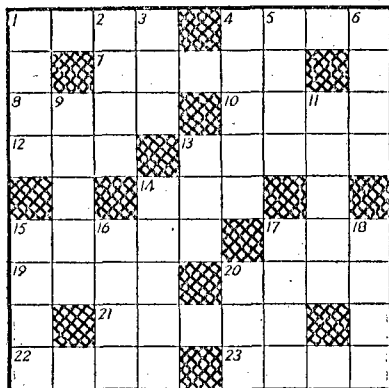
IN the evening Venus, Jupiter, and Mars are in the south-west, and Saturn and Uranus are in the south. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at half-past 7 on Monday morning, January 29.



LONG AGO

THERE once was a Plesiosaurus, Who lived when the earth was all porous; It fainted with shame When it first heard its name, But that was a long time before us.

Half-Hour Cross Word



Reading Across. 1 Large mass of floating ice. 4 This is used in washing. 7 Initial M would change this into its wartime substitute. 8 A prophet. 10 A kind of guitar. 12 To speak. 13 Melted by heat. 14 Existed. 15 That which measures. 17 A timber and what is left when it is burned. 19 A yard. 20 An excuse. 21 To turn away. 22 Vetch. 23 A burden imposed.

Reading Down. 1 A tumult. 2 To comply with commands. 3 Organ of hearing. 4 Alone. 5 The burden of proof. 6 Old. 9 Earnest. 11 To annoy. 13 Distant. 14 To entwine into a fabric. 15 An emporium. 16 A rent. 17 A voice above the tenor. 18 Animal said to be mad in March. 20 To look closely.

Answer next week

MOTHERS LEARN VALUE OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'



Because it is so helpful in keeping babies and children healthy and happy, every mother should know about the many uses of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

This harmless, almost tasteless preparation is most effective in relieving those symptoms of babies and children generally caused by souring food in the little digestive tract, such as disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, colic. As a mild laxative, it acts gently, but certainly, to open the little bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments.

A teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia' does the work of half a pint of lime water in neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding, and preventing hard curds.

Obtainable everywhere, at 1/3 & 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

Please Fill This In and Hand It to Your Newsagent

CN ORDER FORM

Please deliver the Children's Newspaper each week to

Name

Address

and charge to me

What Happened on Your Birthday

Jan. 28. Charlemagne died . 814
29. Edward Lear died . 1888
30. Charles I beheaded . 1649
31. Franz Schubert born . 1797
Feb. 1. Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice, born . 1552
2. First U K Parliament met . 1801
3. Mendelssohn born . 1809

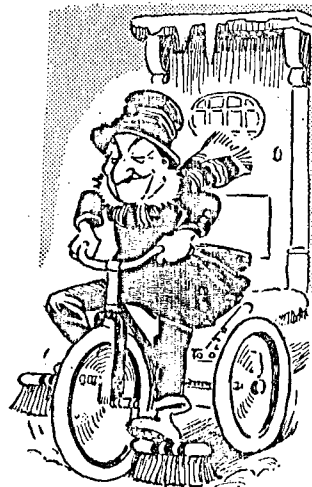
HEAD AND TAIL

AN outer covering am I,
Of much concern to you and me.

Behead and I am relatives.
Curtail and I am worn with glee
By sportsfolk who the pleasures know
Of gliding o'er the Alpine snow.

Answer next week

Patent Applied For



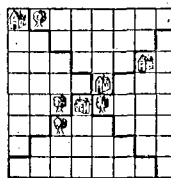
To keep fit is my intention,
With health I'm all aglow;
This is my own invention
For sweeping up the snow!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Heading. Death's-head moth, daisy, deer, death cap, dormouse, dipper, dragonfly, dog-rose, dandelion, daffodil, dabchick, dace, deadly nightshade.

What Are These Animals?

Leopard, chameleon, dromedary, buffalo.
Mysterious Creature. Glass, lass, ass
Peter Puck's Fun Fair



Aeroplane, house, tree, fence, gate, stake, horse, bottle, table, horseshoe, rope, puddle, hose, nozzle.

Ear, hare, heart

The longer lines are 4 and 13.

Jacko in Mischief Again



PROWLING round a toyshop one day, Jacko spied a box on a shelf marked Clockwork Mice. He pulled it down and opened the lid. And out jumped the mice, scuttling away in all directions. An old lady, thinking they were alive, squealed and jumped up on a chair. There was a commotion.